

AT LINCOLN'S DEATHBED.

SECRETARY JOHN HAY NOT THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

"Corporal" Tanner Was There in the Capacity of a Stenographer and Gave an Interesting and Graphic Description of the President's Death Scene.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—A paragraph now going the rounds of several newspapers erroneously states that of all those who were gathered at the deathbed of Abraham Lincoln, forty years ago this morning, the only survivor is John Hay. "Corporal" Tanner also was present, and he gives this description of the death scene:

"I have read with interest," he said, "the statements made regarding the assassination of President Lincoln, the anniversary of which has just occurred. I notice the particular statement to which you call my attention, namely, that of all those who were assembled in the death chamber when the great spirit of the martyred President passed away Secretary Hay is the only survivor. This I know to be a mistake, for the reason that I was there myself. I was living in Washington at the time. I had taken a clerkship in the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department on the first of the previous December. That was my one year as a Government clerk. I held the position one year and resigned. I was boarding on Tenth street, opposite Ford's Theatre, in a house immediately north of the Peterson house, in which the President died. I had some knowledge of shorthand and was employed as a stenographer at the Capitol taking dictation from the reporters of the Senate and transcribing my notes. I mention this because it was this knowledge of shorthand which resulted in my being a spectator at the death of Abraham Lincoln.

"On the night of the assassination I was in Grover's Theatre, where now stands the new National Theatre. I was sitting in the balcony to my mother the day after the President's death, which letter came back to me at her death.

"Shortly after 10 o'clock, while in the midst of a scene, the entrance door of Grover's was thrown open and a man shouted: 'President Lincoln has been shot!' Instantly all was confusion. I cried out: 'It is a ruse of the pickpockets! Sit down! Most of the audience agreed to this and took their seats. Very soon one of the actors, who had recited a patriotic poem on the floor, came forward behind the scenes and announced that the terrible news was too true, and the audience dispersed. My friend went up to Willard's to learn what we could. We were still more horrified when we learned that the President had been shot. We went to the theatre to hear it said that Secretary Seward had had his throat cut in his bed at home. We could learn nothing more. A man whispering a word in justification of the deed in the least degree would have been torn to pieces in a moment.

"On my statement to the officer in command of the guard that I lived in the house next door I was passed through the lines and went up to my room. The parlor and bedroom I occupied comprised the second story front. There was a balcony there, and I found my room and the balcony crowded with the other residents of the house. Albert Daggett, the late postal card contractor, was at the time a clerk of the State Department and boarded at the same house. Daggett was out on the balcony when Gen. C. C. Augur came out of the Peterson house and asked if there was any one present who could write shorthand. Daggett told him there was a young man inside (meaning myself) who could do it, and Gen. Augur told him to ask me to come down, as they expected me. I came down at once and entered the Peterson house.

"Gen. Augur conducted me into the rear parlor, where I found Secretary Stanton sitting on one side of the small library table and Chief Justice Carter of the Supreme Court on the other. At the end of the table, where I started in to take what testimony they could regarding the assassination, having some one write it in longhand. This had proved unsatisfactory. I took a seat opposite the Secretary and commenced to take down the testimony. Somewhere, stowed away in my boxes, I have the original shorthand notes which I made on that table, and the longhand copy which I wrote out before leaving the Peterson house. We had Harry Hawk, who had been on the stage, Laura Keane and various others before us. No one said positively that the assassin was John Wilkes Booth, but all thought he was. It was evident that the horror of the crime held them back. They seemed to hate to think that they had known at all could be guilty of such an awful crime.

"Many distinguished people came in during the night. Our work was often interrupted by reports coming in to Secretary Stanton and Chief Justice Carter. By him when he halted the testimony to give orders. Through all that awful night Stanton was the one man of steel.

"Mrs. Lincoln was in the front parlor adjoining the room in which we sat. The folding doors were closed, but her moans and cries were plainly audible and went to the last degree. It had been out midnight when we were called in. The President and Mrs. Lincoln had been accompanied to the theatre by Mrs. Lincoln's brother, Harrie of New York and by Major Rathbone of the army. My impression is that the young lady's name was Rathbone and that she was a distant relative of the Major. He had been killed in the arm by Booth, but in the great excitement did not notice it nor did any one else until he fainted from loss of blood. He and the young lady afterward married.

"The door leading from our room into the hallway was open much of the time, and twice during the night Mrs. Lincoln was escorted down the hallway to the room in the L where her husband lay dying. Once as they supported her back to the front parlor I heard her exclaim: 'Oh, my God, and have I given my husband to die?' I finished transcribing my notes at 6:45 A. M. and then passed back to the room in the L where the President was dying. Many of the chief men of the nation were there, such as Secretaries Stanton, Welles and Fisher, General Sherman, Major Rathbone, Assistant Secretaries Field and Otto, Gov. Oglesby of Illinois, Senator Sumner and Secretary McCullough, Gen. Meigs and Augur. Private Secretary John Hay, the Surgeon-General of the army, and many other men of eminence. At the head of the bed stood Capt. Robert Lincoln, supported by Senator Sumner. Both were very much affected. I approached quite near the bed and stood a little to the left of Robert Lincoln. Gen. Halleck was just behind me and close to my right. I stood between Gen. Halleck and Meigs and had a fair view of the dying President's features, looking from behind and over my arm. He was entirely unconscious from the time he was shot until the end. He breathed very hard until a short time before he died, when he drew his head back and saw the twinkling of the muscles. I knew it was only by a powerful effort that he restrained himself and that he was near a break.

"The first indication that the expected but dreaded end had come was when the Surgeon-General gently laid the pulseless hand of Lincoln across the motionless breast and rose to his feet. The Rev. Dr. Gurley lifted his hands and we knew without any announcement that the end had come. I watched the pencil from my pocket, but I had no idea of my purpose. The point

sought in my coat and broke and the world lost the prayer—a prayer which was only interrupted by the sob of Mr. Stanton as he buried his face in the bedclothes. As 'Thy will be done, Amen,' in subdued and tremulous tones floated through that little chamber, Mr. Stanton raised his face, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and ejaculated while he looked, oh, so lovingly, at the face of his beloved chief:

"He belongs to the ages now." "There came to me only recently, while out in Indiana, a most unexpected postscript, and a strange reminder of the scenes of that night. It was early in the evening of the Saturday previous to election, and I was closing eight weeks of participation in the campaign. I was on the 'Fairbanks Special,' which had been touring Indiana, and we were to wind up the campaign that night at Indianapolis. At Rushville, Fairbanks made a ten minutes speech, and we passed on.

"There came aboard our train there a young lawyer from Chicago of the name of Rathbone. He had been speaking at Rushville and was to leave the train at Muncie to make another speech there that night. On the way from Rushville to Muncie I sat in the same section with him and the committee from Muncie, which had gone to Rushville to meet us, was telling him about the arrangements for his speech at Muncie. Something was said about Abraham Lincoln, and he casually made the, to me, most interesting statement that he was the son of the Major Rathbone who had been killed by the niece of Senator Ira Harris of New York, who were in the box with the President and Lincoln at the time the foul shot was fired.

"A little later, when the committee had drifted to another part of the car and he and I were alone, he said to me, 'I told him why I told him of seeing his mother, then a girl, as she twice supported Mrs. Lincoln down the hallway to the bed of her dying husband.'

VENEZUELA'S REPLY.

It Contains That the Asphalt Dispute Is Not an International Affair.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—A portion of the correspondence between the State Department and the Government of Venezuela relative to the desire of this Government for arbitration of the asphalt and other questions which have been the source of considerable annoyance to this Government, has been made public here. As has been said, the note to Venezuela amounted practically to an ultimatum, only it did not specify as to what action of the United States would be, saying only that in case the Venezuela refused to arbitrate the United States "reserved the right to take such action as it may deem proper."

As the Venezuelan diplomat in Washington always contended, President Castro's reply is not "insolent" word used originally by Herbert W. Bowen, United States Minister to Venezuela, in a report cabled to the State Department, when President Castro answered the note from this Government. A paragraph of the reply is as follows:

"There are no questions of an international character pending between Venezuela and the United States. The Government of Venezuela desires to know if the United States has respect for the sovereignty of Venezuela and consideration for the nobility of its judicial power. The Venezuelan Government cannot consent to withdraw from its courts questions submitted to their jurisdiction. The case of the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company is not an international question. It is a private question between the company and the Government of Venezuela, submitted to the courts of the country in accordance with the concession and the laws of Venezuela."

CASUALTIES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—The following casualties in the Philippines have been reported to the War Department by Gen. Corbin, commanding the Philippines division:

Walton W. Gaines, Company M, Twelfth Infantry, of malarial fever on April 4; Harvey M. Hartman, Company C, Seventeenth Infantry, on Feb. 24; Jesse H. Brout, Company K, Twelfth Infantry, of beriberi, on April 2, and William J. Dance, Troop C, Fourteenth Cavalry, suicide, on April 7.

STRIKERS' FINE TARGET WORK.

Chicago Teamsters Keep Busy Throwing Bricks at the Non-Union Men.

CHICAGO, April 15.—Little progress was made to-day in the negotiations to bring about a settlement of the strike of teamsters against Montgomery Ward & Co., and the employers are actively preparing to carry on their business in defiance of the strikers.

While the street blockades were fewer, the number of individual assaults on non-union drivers was greater than on any day since the trouble began. Bricks and other missiles were hurled from windows and from the crowds which lined the sidewalks as the Montgomery Ward wagons passed along the streets.

Incorporation papers for the new teaming company which the employers propose to start were prepared to-day and sent to West Virginia. The company hopes to incorporate under the laws of that State, so that, should its business be interfered with, it may apply for protection to the Federal Government on the ground that it is doing business here as a foreign corporation.

PENSION MEN WANT TO RET.

\$1,000 That the Citizens' Union Can't Find Joker in Their Bill.

The civil employees of the city, who are seeking to have a bill passed by the Legislature providing for the establishment of a pension fund, issued a denial yesterday of the statement made by an expert of the Citizens' Union that the passage of the bill would eventually cost the city several millions yearly. The supporters of the bill denied any one to find a clause in the bill which would call for the expenditure of \$1,000. To back up that challenge they have deposited \$1,000 with the City Chamberlain and they ask that the clause of the bill shall be decided in a similar amount. It is stipulated that if the employees disprove the criticisms of the pension fund, money shall go to the pension fund, while if the Citizens' Union experts can make good their contentions the money shall be devoted to charity.

It is a question whether the City Chamberlain would not come under the pooling section of the Penal Code if the Citizens' Union covered the bet.

TO ARREST SCRANTON OFFICIALS.

Taxpayers' Association Says It Has Found City's Accounts Irregular.

SCRANTON, Pa., April 15.—In an evening paper appeared an interview with Attorney Joseph O'Brien of the Taxpayers' Association in which Mr. O'Brien says that an audit of the accounts at City Hall by the experts employed by the association has revealed that there are irregularities and that in consequence city officials, not clerks in departments, are to be placed under arrest next week.

The arrests would have been made this week but for the illness of President Jermyn of the Taxpayers' Association. J. Jermyn, Director of the Department of Public Works, and his Street Commissioner, Terwilliger, announced to their friends this afternoon that they have engaged counsel and will not be out of the city for some time. The Taxpayers' Association is headed by Joseph Jermyn, a coal operator.

BRIDGE TERMINAL CONTRACT LET.

Bridge Commissioner Best has awarded the contract for enlarging the Manhattan terminal facilities of Brooklyn Bridge, by extending the platforms, to the S. S. & T. Trust and to the S. S. & T. Trust. The estimated cost of the project is \$200,000.

'BLEEDING KANSAS' NO MORE.

NOTHING TO BE DESIRED THERE NOW EXCEPT OFFICE.

The Delights of the Sunflower State eloquently described in a Letter to Postmaster-General Cortelyou in Behalf of Applicants for Carrying Mails.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—It was once "bleeding Kansas," where they raised too little corn and too much hell, but such is no longer the case. Postmaster-General Cortelyou has received eloquent and convincing assurances to the contrary from a prominent Republican of that State.

"A blaze of sunshine is nursing the buds and giving courage to everything that lives in Kansas to-day," he said. "The birds are singing in the trees and talking to one another of love. The pigeons are rehearsing those springtime capers by which they win their mates, and those fowls of Shanghai ancestry, that have played such a noble part in the prosperity of Kansas, are glossing their feathers for a season that may again inspire the muse of Coburn to give us another poetic volume on the Kansas hen. The cows, forgetful and forgiving of the beef trust, have their noses buried deep in the luxuriant alfalfa, where dwell potentially many a dollar for the refrigerator car outfit, and many a healthy corpse for the blood of the American workman—God bless him."

It is obvious that the Standard Oil can never blight Kansas. The Sunflower State may be annoyed and aroused by a trust, but never blighted, for this Kansas goes on to tell Mr. Cortelyou:

"The man with the hoe is busy in his garden, bent on proving that the seeds sent him by our Congressmen are the choicest selections of the Scotch genius of the very Honorable Secretary of Agriculture and the very perfection of the experimentation of government. The man with the hammer is knocking on nothing but nails, and the music he makes is sweeter in the pink ears of the little wife, who has aspired to a little nest of her own, than the tones that come bounding and thrilling from the magic technique of Paderewski or from the alvery throat of Suzanne Adams; the men of law and commerce and of science and politics are all happy and contented, and the efforts of none are unyielding of reward save the devil and the doctors."

"All that fortune it is to be a Kansas man. But it is not of the climatic glory of Kansas that I set out to write, and I hope you will pardon me for having allowed my enthusiasm to lead me into the byways. It is of Kansas patriotism that I would write."

The secret is out. There are Kansans who wish to offer up themselves on the altar of their country; in other words, who desire jobs. But the writer of the letter tells the story frankly, albeit with some circumlocution.

"In the matter of public service the noble Roosevelt has excited in Kansas a desire for emulation that baffles the man behind the typewriter for words to describe. The motive for serving the Government is the capacity of ambition flowing eastward from Kansas to serve the country that will provide dangerous unless it meets a way of opportunity flowing westward from Washington. In the absence of our Congressman to-day I have had two splendid volunteers for work with your Uncle Sam."

"One of them is Jack — of —. Jack is a young man who seeks a humble share in the glory of the administration. He does not want to go to St. James's, nor to Petersburg, nor to the Philippines, nor to Panama, to pull his weight of the burden of national service. He is too good a Kansan for that. He is a charming, courteous, and more attractions for him than the ivy mantled towers of London, the mosques and minarets of the Muslim empire, the cathedrals of the East, or the palm shades of the Isthmus. He deems it better to carry the mail over a rural route bordering the little Arkansas river, and more romantic and arduous than the mail route of Kansas that dine on the vials of royalty, or find glory in swimming the bag of oiled by the yellow fever route for his country."

"Of Henry, the other youthful Kansan who has been appointed to the position of postoffice clerk in his country, there is this to be said: He seeks not to serve among the pillared and domed and columned edifices of Washington. He is used to being summoned to work by the claxon notes of the barnyard cock and would be out of place among the 6 o'clock risers of the national capital. He never drinks whiskey, nor plays penny ante. He has never worn a dress suit or an opera hat. He is a plain homespun man, who loves the sun and the green fields and the sunshine and the flowers, and the lady he loves is the goddess of simple rural contentment. He, too, wants to carry the mail over a rural route."

But it takes more than patriotism to win employment with Uncle Sam even in the humblest of rural mail carrier in far away Kansas. The man must be able to stand the test of a civil service examination that must be passed and that's the rub. "Neither of these gentlemen knew aught of the importance of a Government examination, a civil service commission," continues Mr. Cortelyou's correspondent. "They rightly estimate our Representatives in Congress to be a great many, but when they hold him to be omnipotent I grieve for their innocence and envy them too. In a vague dreamy sort of way, the good people of Kansas have a knowledge of the Civil Service Commission, but they do not suspect its icy nature. It would take them a long time to really understand it. The Commission is not eager to be guided by the wisdom of a county commissioner, a member of the Legislature or a Congressman in the matter of appointment or promotion. In his opinion a man, a dreamy bookworm, who does not know how to come in to the rain-swept by the principles of physiology, is a deduction of a quality of conduct, a rural route then one who is able to carry a horse, or, in a pinch, help a patron farmer to stack hay or spray his pigs or preach in a field, and belated sermon at the rural chapel while the regular pastor is away on his vacation."

"I do not ask you to take this matter up in an official sense, but if you can in any way help these two gentlemen to show the Government what they can do and how well they can do it, you will oblige me. At any rate, I will appreciate it if you will tell me whether vacancies exist and how near they are to the top of the eligible list."

Postmaster-General Cortelyou is not named on these indirect and somewhat informal applications of the young Kansans, but he is called offhand that it was too good to be buried in the rusty files of the Department, to be brought to light only when there should come a demand for action.

THE BIGGEST COD OF ALL.

One Weighing About 100 Pounds Caught Off Marblehead, Mass.

Boston, April 15.—The grandfather of all codfish, the biggest one ever brought into Boston within the memory of the oldest fisherman, was landed at T wharf this week by the fishing schooner E. A. Hooper of Gloucester. The fish weighed 96 pounds after being dressed, and must have weighed about 100 pounds when captured. It was almost 6 feet in length. The fish was taken near Halfway Rock, off Marblehead, Wednesday afternoon. One of the dorymen got a terrific vank on one of his lines when the big fellow took hold, and after vainly struggling with the monster to get him up from the depths the man hauled one of his mates to come to his aid. The fish weighed 96 pounds after being dressed, and must have weighed about 100 pounds when captured. It was almost 6 feet in length. The fish was taken near Halfway Rock, off Marblehead, Wednesday afternoon. 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